

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 55—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1808.

NO. 1025.

THE MASK:

A TRUE STORY.

COUNT T—, chamberlain of the Duke of B—, lost, by a sudden and violent fever, his young, beautiful and amiable consort, with whom he had lived scarcely a year in uninterrupted conjugal felicity. This heavy affliction reduced him to the brink of despair. He himself was still young, rich, respected by many, envied by more, distinguished by his rank, and in a still higher degree by the favour of his sovereign; had he but signified his pleasure, all the young females about the court would have been ready to offer him their hands. This, however, afforded him no consolation. Notwithstanding his illustrious descent, he was so unfashionable as to possess a heart susceptible of the most tender and generous feelings. He now shunned all the brilliant circles, and while he suffered the Prince very often to go unattended to the theatre and in the chase, he confined himself almost entirely to his own house. There he frequently shut himself up for half the day with his sorrows and a portrait of his beloved wife, in a small lonely closet. When he quitted this retreat he conversed with not more than two or three intimate friends; in company, even with them, he was often visibly absent, and listened with anguish in his heart, and a smile upon his countenance, when they sometimes advised him to keep up his spirits, and to seek some diversion.

In this manner several months passed away, the carnival arrived, and to him that period of amusement was as destitute of pleasure as any that had preceded it; he seemed to have bidden an eternal farewell to every enjoyment.

The prince at length grew weary of his long seclusion. In the mean time many courtiers had endeavoured to fill the place of the negligent favourite, and had also occasionally indulged in satirical reflections on the gloomy melancholy, and extravagant tenderness of this new Orpheus, whose only cry was,—Eurydice! Eurydice! Their sarcasms and their designs were alike unsuccessful; a stern look from the duke had always instantly checked the brilliant current of their humour. The prince was seriously concerned for a man whom he had known from his youth, and with whom, though he had studiously avoided interfering in the affairs of government, he could nevertheless converse on many other subjects besides the last stag with sixteen branches that had been shot, or the latest opera-dancer; he therefore resolved himself to attempt his cure.

"Chamberlain," said he once to him when Count T— had not appeared for some days at court, "the tenderness of your love for your wife is not only honorable and praiseworthy, but in the present times is truly exemplary; but as she is dead, and it is impossible to recall her from the grave, you should not for her sake fall out with all the living.—Many of the latter, and myself in particular,

have a just claim to your affection, and yet many weeks pass away in which I cannot even obtain a sight of you."

"The most flattering reprimand, your serene highness, that I ever received! pardon me, however, if a slight indisposition—"

"Yes, your looks, my dear Count, attest that you are indisposed; but probably you have brought this indisposition on yourself by your incessant grief, your watchings, weeping, and continual confinement at home—Tell me how you have liked this carnival, how many balls have you attended?"

"To confess the truth, your highness, not to one."

"I thought so; and can you then wonder that you are unwell, at the same time that you refuse all medicine! The day after to-morrow I shall give a masquerade, and that at least I hope you will go to."

"If your highness commands it."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the duke, "so you would stay from that too? You know I am not fond of using the word command, and least of all with you, but I shall fight you with your own weapons. Therefore, Sir, I request this condescension of you, and shall expect you at eight precisely."

The chamberlain bowed, and promised to obey. All the necessary preparations were made for the masquerade; half the town of B— equipped themselves, with joy, for the occasion. The third evening a great number of masks appeared in the spacious hall of the palace, which was magnificently lighted.—The prince, with all his court, graced the assembly. Count T—, who was almost always near the duke, and very often engaged in conversation with him, strove to appear somewhat more cheerful than usual. Rather more than two hours had elapsed when he reclined a few moments against the cornice of a stove that was in the centre of the hall, and which afforded the most advantageous view of the company.

He had not been there long, before a female mask that passed twice or thrice close to him, drew his attention: it was a black dominian, with a white mask, which completely covered the whole face. She walked quite alone; she had nothing particularly remarkable in her dress, though it was perfectly neat and new; nor any thing glaring or splendid about her person; but in her tall, elegant figure, in her step, air, and movements, the Count imagined that he discovered a great resemblance to his deceased wife. At length she reclined against a pillar exactly opposite to him, and equally unconcerned about the crowd and the bustle around her, seemed to fix her eyes upon him alone. An unaccountable anxiety took possession of his soul, and overpowered by involuntary curiosity, he looked steadfastly at the figure. The prince observing him change countenance, at length inquired what was the matter.

"O nothing, your highness, nothing at all; I only saw yonder a mask that interests me.—I should like to know who it is."

"Why not address her then? you are at

liberty, Count, to go and come back as often as you please; it gives me satisfaction to see you take interest in something."

The chamberlain followed his advice. But the mask, though it was impossible she could have heard what had passed in a whisper between them, seemed to anticipate the intention of the count, and purposely to avoid him. Scarcely did he advance towards her before she quitted her station, and took refuge in the thickest of the crowd; the farther she removed, the more eager was Count T— in the pursuit; every one instantly made way, as may easily be conceived for the favourite of the prince. At last she could no longer avoid him, without evidently giving offence. He addressed her with the usual masquerade questions, which, perfectly unmeaning in themselves, signify nothing more than,—

"Mask, I do not know you, but should like to hear you speak." Her reply was as short and indifferent as his question. These few words, however, started him; he fancied that the voice exactly resembled that of her whose image was still ever present to his mind. He suppressed his astonishment, and again addressed her. She answered all his questions with the utmost politeness, but always in a certain melancholy tone, which corresponded but too well with that of his own mind. At length he offered her his arm to walk about the hall; she accepted it, but when she took hold of him, though very gently, an inward tremor thrilled his frame. In despite of this sensation he proceeded. "Why, beautiful mask," said he, "do you touch me with so timid a hand? perhaps my proposal to conduct you may not be agreeable?"

"On the contrary, it is most agreeable; you, Count are the only person in this hall to whom I could say so."

"Your politeness puts me to the blush.—Have we ever been in each other's company before?"

"Yes, often; both here and in other places, masked and unmasked."

"You must know me then?"

"O yes."

"Intimately?"

"I once flattered myself that I did; now I hope no still more than before."

"And do I know you?"

"Most certainly you do?"

"Extraordinary!—And your name, might I not be permitted to know that?"

"You might; but the knowledge of it cannot now be attended with any advantage, but would rather prove injurious to you."

"Injurious! your name injurious—Can any name prove injurious to me? Imcomprehensible! impossible!"

"But yet too true! You are here for the purpose of diverting yourself; a single word from me might awaken the most painful sensations."

Such was the commencement of a conversation, which every moment grew more interesting and more obscure for the unhappy Count, which filled his heart with inexpressible anxiety, and which, nevertheless, he

could not prevail upon himself to break off. He turned the conversation to various long past occurrences of his life. The mask knew them all with a precision and accuracy that nothing could surpass—nay, she even recalled to his memory many a little trait which he himself had forgotten. At length he began to speak, with an inward tremor, of the felicity he enjoyed in the conjugal state. The mask was silent, or replied only in monosyllables. Her voice seemed to become fainter. When the Count urged her to tell him, whether she knew any thing relative to this subject, she exclaimed, "Why should I tear open wounds which still bleed in my own bosom? You are sensible, Count, deeply sensible of what you have lost. But as you have again made your appearance here, you seem already to be looking round you for consolation and oblivion." He thought that, on these words, she would have disengaged herself from him, but he held her too firmly.

"By all that is sacred!" said the Count, and in a louder tone than was suited to such a place, "I will not let you go! Incomprehensible woman, who are you? and whence come you?"

A motion with her right hand toward heaven served instead of an answer, and seemed to say—"From above."

(To be concluded in our next.)

'A STRANGE WORLD THIS.'

Yes, and strange sort of beings inhabit it! Indeed, I am of opinion that the world is not so much to blame as the inhabitants; and was every person strictly to examine into his own conduct, I am persuaded, instead of laying the blame on the world, he would say of himself—"A strange creature this!" But to attend to the consequences of our own conduct, is a task too burthensome; it is much easier to lay all the censure upon the world.

The preacher, who, by his dullness, has driven all the people from the church, looks round (after he has delivered a sermon) at the empty pews, and sighs out, "what a dull congregation!"—"A strange world this!"

Authors who

—Painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their reader's sleep,

when they find their works are neglected, and the names sinking into oblivion, quarrel with their readers for their want of taste. "This," say they, "is a strange world!"

Farmers, who mix rye with their wheat, pour water into their cider, tie up swinging tow with their flax, and practice twenty other frauds with produce, when they find it will not sell, lay the blame on the merchant, for endeavouring to keep down the market. "A strange world this!" say they, with deep groans, as they return home, after having been forced to sell their adulterated produce at half price.

The merchant, who has jockeyed, shaved, and bit his customers, until none but those who are forced by their poverty will deal with him, perceives his honest neighbour taking his best custom from him, exclaims—"A strange world this!"

The haughty spark, paying his addresses to a lady of prudence and sensibility, depending upon the wealth of his father, and his own fashionable *chapeau* and powdered locks, to carry every thing before him, when he finds himself neglected, and the affections of the lady placed upon some industrious worthy man, begins to think all women are fools, and that "this is a strange world!"

The parents of the lady, who always looked upon riches as the "one thing needful," and who consider men without wealth as the Mahometans do women, as having no souls, will be ready to tear the hair off their daughter's head. Here I am ready to cry out myself—"A strange world this!"

MORAL OBSERVATIONS.

Though you err to oblige, yet the person you so oblige will secretly despise you.

He who is conscious of his own misconduct hates all those who know it.

ELEANOR'S ROSE-BUD.

How sweet was the rose-bud that blush'd on the tree.

In Eleanor's beautiful bower!
Allured by its fragrance came bee after bee,
And sipped without wounding the flower.

A keen little worm chanced it's beauty to view,
And, creeping with wonderful art,
It nibbled, and nibbled, and eat its way through,
Nor ceased till it lodged in the heart.

The fair, little dreaming how short was its date,
Too late the rude spoiler descried,
Sad Eleanor's rose-bud must bend to its fate,
It faded—it drooped—and it died.

Yourself but a flower, pretty maiden, beware,
Distinguish the spoiler and fly;
For man is a worm that oft preys on the fair,
And you, like the rose-bud, may die.

THE MAN OF FASHION DESCRIBED.

WHAT is a modern man of fashion,
A man of taste and dissipation,
A busy man without employment,
A happy man without enjoyment;
Who squanders all his time and treasures,
On empty joys and tasteless pleasures,
Visits, attendants and attention,
And courtly arts too low to mention;
In sleep, and dress, and sport, and play,
He throws his worthless life away,
Has no opinion of his own,
But takes from leading beaux the ton;
With a disdainful smile or frown,
He on the *ri-raf* crowd looks down.
The world polite, his friends and he,
And all the rest are nobody;
Taught by the great his smiles to sell,
And how to write, and how to spell,
The great his oracle he makes,
Copies their vices and mistakes,
Custom pursues his only rule,
And lives an ape, and dies a fool.

C. WESLEY.

EMMA'S GRAVE.

Grass grows the sod on Emma's grave,
And fair the gaudy flowerets bloom,
And sweet the violet's smell, that shed
Their odours round my Emma's tomb.

But silent is that tuneful tongue,
That once could utter tones so sweet;
And cold, cold is that tender breast,
Which with such soft affection beat:

And faded are those damask cheeks,
And closed are those "love-darting eyes,"
And deaf are now my Emma's ears
To all her hopeless Henry's cries.

Then bid me not to life return,
With her my only joys are fled;
And blasted now are all my hopes,
My life! my love! my Emma's dead!

But, hark! what silver sounds were they
Broke through the deep-surrounding gloom?
Methought it was her well known voice
That waked me to the silent tomb.

Thy Henry comes, thou much loved maid,
To share with thee thy clay-cold bier,
For, Oh! since thou art gone before,
I cannot, will not linger here.

I feel, I feel the icy hand
Of welcome Death has chilled my heart:
I come!—Oh! take me to thy arms!
We meet, at length, no more to part!

VARIETY.

SWEETS OF THE OTHER WORLD.

A PERSON, who among the Methodists is called an *obliging preacher*, addressing himself to his male hearers, observed to them, that the heaven Canaan was a land flowing with *tea and sugar*.

A gentleman of grenadier growth, having travelled in the mail all night, observed to his fellow passengers in the morning, "that he would just go out to *stretch his legs*," when his opposite friend, Irishman, who had been greatly annoyed by the during the night, observed, "that there was no occasion to trouble himself, as by ———, they were quite long enough already."

PERSIAN ANECDOTES.

HALEB, a learned Persian, being asked, "What was the most excellent thing for a man to have replied, 'Sense.'—" But if he has none, what is the best thing he can have?" "Honesty."—"And if he has not that?" "The counsel of his friends,"—"Haleb."—"And, in want of that?" "Taciturnity."—"And when he cannot have either of these things?" "A sudden death."

A PERSIAN merchant who had acquired immense riches by traffic, discoursing with a dervise, told him that he intended to leave off trading; that he wished to make one journey more. "So," said the dervise, "you have already spent the greatest part of your life in travel; what journey do you propose to make before you settle?" The merchant answered, that he meant to trade with sulphur into China; "from thence (said he) I will bring chinaware to sell in Greece; and from Greece I will carry stuffs of gold to the Indies; from the Indies I will bring steel to Haleb; from Haleb will trade with glass into Arabia Felix; and from Arabia Felix I will bring painted cloths into Persia; and when I have done this, I will bid farewell to trade, and—" Hold (said the dervise); there is one thing capable of filling the covetous man's soul—the earth which is thrown upon him after his death."

EPITAPHS.

Here I lie without the "walls,
Because there is no room within,
They keep such brawls:
Here I lie, and have no rent to pay,
And yet I lie as warm as they.

* Of the Church.

Beneath this stone, in sound repose,
Lies William Rich of Lydeard Close:
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five:
From whom an issue fast did pour,
Of great grandchildren five times four,
Rich born, Rich bred, but fate adv
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

Nor tender youth, nor hoary age
Can the grim tyrant's power assuage—
Yet sense and truth this lesson give,
We live to die, and die to live.

In this last little composition there is a delicate sentiment, and such a fine moral observation, as not but awaken correspondent feelings in the reader. That we may live but to die, and that death opens to us the gate of endless life, we have often been told—but the concise and simple manner in which these great truths are here expressed, is particularly well calculated for the unlettered but wholly ignorant part of the world who may frequent village church-yards.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1808.

The City Inspector reports the death of 34 persons (of whom 12 were men, 6 women, 10 boys, 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday viz. Of apoplexy 2, casualties 2, consumption 4, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 1, infantile flux 3, gravel 1, lues 2, jaundice 1, inflammation of the brain 1, old age 1, rickets 1, scurvy 1, stillborn 1, whooping cough 1, and one of suicide by poison.

The cases of casualty were, an aged lady, 70 years old, who died in consequence of falling into fire in a fit—and Mr James Payne a native of England, aged 34 years, who was killed by a fall from a house in Courtlandt-street, where he was working.

Two of the persons entered last week in the inspector's report died in the state prison.

The government dispatch ship Union, Captain Gordon, sailed from New-Castle on Sunday last, with a fair wind.

On Monday morning the 5th ult. Messieurs Wilcoxon and N. P. Duval of Bairdstown, N.Y., decided an affair of honor at Arkville, I. T. Mr. Duval received the contents of his antagonist's pistol a little before his right arm. The ball took such a direction as to evade the skill of the faculty; the unfortunate youth lingered, until the following night, and died a victim to a custom execrated and condemned by every gentleman of refined sentiment.

Merc. Adv.

At Charleston, S. C. on the 20th ult. a judicial inquest was held on the body of James Walsh, a native of Ireland, but brought to the printing business at New-York; aged 20 years of age. The jury brought in verdict, that the deceased, James Walsh, died by his death by being wilfully shot, on Monday afternoon preceding, by James Oliver, bricklayer, between 4 and 5 o'clock, of which wounds he languished until about half past 2 o'clock on Tuesday, and expired.

TECHNICAL DUN.

The following letter was sent to a watch-maker in this state, by a printer, in consequence of which the balance between them was accurately regulated:

"Sir, It having become necessary to wind up a large number of out standing accounts to prevent my running down in business, by advancing the small sum you owe me without loss of time, you will assist in keeping me in motion. Yours, &c."

EPIGRAM

ADDRESSED TO FASHION.

Alas! cries Damon, plaintive bard,
My Delia's heart I find so hard,
I would she were forgotten!
But strait he answers—I recant,
For how can hearts be adamant,
When all the breast—is cotton.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by J. Osborn, No. 13 Park, and

At this Office.—Price 62 1-2 cents,

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, Arranged under the following Heads—Matter and Motion, The Universe, The Solar System, The Fixed Stars, The Earth considered as a Planet, The Atmosphere, Meteors, Springs, Rivers, and the Sea. Fossils, Plants, Animals, The Human Frame, and the Human Understanding

TO THE LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS

JOHN MARRAS,

PAINTER OF PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE, being lately returned from the country, and intending to stay four weeks in this place, has the honour of inviting the Lovers of the Fine Arts to come and see his collection of Paintings in Miniature, copied by himself from the most famous paintings in Italy.—The advertiser lives in Broadway, No. 159.

September 24 1023—1m

NEW NOVEL.

JUST PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE AT
C. HARRISON'S BOOK-STORE,
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP,
GRIFFITH ABBEY;

MEMOIRS OF EUGENIA.

By that celebrated authoress Mrs. C. Matthews.
TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

Price 75 cents in boards, or one dollar neatly bound

DR. ROBERTS, No. 5 Oliver street, New-York will engage to cure all disorders that are curable, without forcing the sick to take one grain of Mercury, if they follow his rules; and if a doubt arise in his breast that he is not able to perform a cure without the help of Mercury, he will let his patient know beforehand, that they may act as they think proper. Beware of Mercury, it destroys 1000 lives annually by sea and land. Attendance from 12 to 2, and from 7 to 10 o'clock.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted, tight, by C ALFORD.
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No 104 Maiden lane

FOUND at Greenwich on Saturday last, part of the Lock of a double barrel Fowling piece the owner can have it by applying at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

By thee the gross grown heart refined,
With philanthropic ardour glows—
Mind strung in unison to mind,
Through union, more ethereal grows.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. Alexander Horn, to Miss Rachel Lorton, both of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Tibaux, Mr. Francois Faveraux, to Miss Emily Margaret Hibert, of St Domingo.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Capt. Joseph Osgood, Jun of Salisbury, Massachusetts, to Miss Susannah Mann, of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. James Wissett, to Miss Sarah Chadwick.

On Wednesday morning, at Trinity Church, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. George Wilson to Miss Mary Muir, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Strobeck, Capt. Stephen S. Clay, to Miss Mary Wood, daughter of the late Mr. John Wood.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Asher Marx, to Miss Catharine Stout, daughter of Mr. Jacob Stout.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Low, Mr. Benjamin E. Coe, to Miss Catharine Nostrand, all of Long-Island.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Moses Gillet, George Washington Clinton, Esq. son of the Vice-president of the United States, to Miss Ann Floyd, daughter of Gen. Floyd, of Oneida county

At Newport, R. I. by the Rev. Mr. Dehon; on the 26th ult. Mr. John I. Robinson, merchant, of New-York, to Miss Ruth Gardner, daughter of Benjamin Gardner, Esq. of Newport.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Nicholas Chambers, the Rev. James Cook, minister of the gospel, aged 60 years, to Miss Rebecca Chambers, aged 16, all of Cecil County, Maryland.

At Richmond, John Blair, Esq. to Miss Margaret Page, daughter of the late Governor of Virginia.

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

An immediate, safe, and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of BILIOUS CHOLIC, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New-Jersey), who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specifics in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious Cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

JUST RECEIVED,

From Philadelphia, (price twenty-five cents),
And for sale by J. K. Furman, No. 106, Water-street, and at this office,

GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST MURDER,

OR,
THE DROWNED WIFE,
A TRAGEDY.

Lately performed, with unbounded applause, (of the Devil and his Court,) by Ned Findley, esquire, one of the Grand Company of Tragedians in the service of the Black Prince, who was so highly gratified with Ned's performance, that he instantly provided him Rooms in one of his own Palaces—created him a Knight of the most ignoble order of the Halter, clapped bracelets on his wrists, and an ornament round his neck, and in a few days promoted him to the ridge pole of the gallows, at Edgefield Court-House, South Carolina. By M. L. WHEAT, of Lodge No. 30, Dumfries.

October 8.

1025—24

COURT OF APOLLO.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

'Oh, let us tune one tender farewell to the fading year.

Summer's sweets with autumn's blended,
Flora's beauties soon are o'er;
These but for a while's suspended,
Youth once past returns no more.

Yonder fields late cloth'd in verdure,
Where is now your beauteous hue?
Where with delight I've often wand'ring
Purling streams adieu! adieu!

Where Oh! now, ye tuneful warblers,
Tenants of the shady grove?
Where with pleasure oft I've listen'd
To your artless tale of love.

Rude Bores soon with iron sceptre,
Must a while his sway maintain;
May we find within our cottage
Peace of mind and virtue reign.]

Learn O youth! in nature's volume,
Useful lessons for the mind;
In every page, in every column,
Rich instruction thou may'st find.

See the fairest flowers fading,
Wither'd leaves now strew the ground;
Winter soon our plain invading,
Comes with majesty profound.

Thus we see the changing season,
Flora yields her sweetest breath;
Hence, vain man! adhere to reason,
Thou alas, must yield to death!

Another Spring's returning verdure,
We perhaps may never view!
Then many our thoughts aspire further,
Where summer ever blooms anew.

MATRIMONIAL DEAFNESS.

Two ears at a time are too many for use,
As they're only the inlets of strife,
And some may be found, who, tho' wise, would refuse,
To possess these fair organs of life.

This deafness oft times of advantage is found,
Misfortune is turn'd to a blessing;
When nonsense distracts, or when tumults abound,
They then lose their force of distressing.

I wisely am taught to be deaf with one ear,
While the other for use I employ;
One gate I shut up against trouble and care,
And the other keep open for joy.

When my consort begins her windpipe to clear,
With peals that would rend worlds asunder;
Serenely I sit, and cock up my deaf ear,
Unmov'd 'midst the roar of her thunder.

To other day comes a dun, with 'Sir, you well know;
What say you?—speak louder a little;
You know, Sir, you borrow'd full twelve months ago;
Alas friend! I can't hear a tittle.

'You owe me ten pounds'—much louder he cries,
And repeats it as long as he can;
Then I point to my ears, and stare with my eyes,
Till he scarcely believes me the man.

I, brave as a don, cry, 'My hearing's quite lost!
'And my money,' says he, 'too, I fear;
Fox on him, 'tis folly to talk to a post;
So he leaves me as mad as an hare.

Thus my life, night and day, in soft indolence flows,
Scolding, dunning, nor bawling I fear;
Ye married men all then, that wish to repose,
Mind, and always be deaf with one ear.

THE MORALIST

REFLECTIONS ON NATURE.

The study of nature has been universally esteem'd, and is certainly a delightful theme—a theme which unfetters the soul from low pursuits and grovelling actions, and raises it to the contemplation of him who spake it into being—and at whose nod it will again sink into chaos. Who can view the animating, the all-cheering sun, and not behold a GOD? Who can see the planets revolve in beauteous order and harmony, and not observe the finger of the Deity? Who can behold the wonderful structure of the human frame, and believe it the effect of chance? Who can observe the taste and delicacy displayed in the varied clothing of the brute creation—the beautiful plumage of the feathered tribes, and the unrivalled hues which adorn some of the most minute insects, without feeling his mind irresistibly draw forth in admiration of the Great Author? But great as he appears in the work of creation, he is much more so in that of redemption. Stupendous thought! that Being, at whose almighty fiat the sun darts his refulgent rays, the moon unveils her peerless light, clothed in humanity, struggling in the womb of a virgin; passing thro' life not with pomp and splendor, in luxury and ease—but with penurious misery, exposed to hardships and fatigue, he went about doing good! Here is a glorious example, a powerful inducement to sweeten the cup of grief, to take the bitter bread of misery from the trembling hand, and transmit the benign rays of benevolence into the hut of cheerless poverty.

FOR SALE.

At Mrs. Millers No 148 William Street a handsome assortment of English straw Hats.

CARTS, HANDBILLS &c. PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE ON MODERATE TERMS.

S. DAWSON'S

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE,

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-slip
and at the Proprietors, No 48, Frankfort-street

AN HISTORICAL COMPEND,

CONTAINING

A brief survey of the great line of History, from the earliest times to the present day, together with a general view of the present state of the World with respect to civilization, religion, and government, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge, in two volumes, by Samuel Whelpley, A M Principal of the Morris Academy
For sale by C. Harrison, 3 Peck-slip.

JEWELRY,

At No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enameled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF
TORTOISE SHELL COMBS
FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



SMITH'S
COMBS

Smith's purified Chymetic Wash Ball far superior any other for softening the skin and preserving the skin from pitting, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Paste for travelling, that holds a shaving apparatus complete small compass

Odours of Roses for small bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rosewater known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, freckles or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions 3s 4s 8s and bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening hair and keeping it from coming out or turning 4s and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Sarcocolla Royal Paste for washing skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s not doxale

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a new radiance to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Also powder for the skin 2s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Anticle Oil for curling, sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft matams 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving 4 and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pocket knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles for Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1808

WHITE TEETH.

Doctor Fay, Surgeon Dentist, NO. 13 Bowery-Lane continues to perform every necessary operation upon the Teeth & Gums, inserts artificial Teeth with little or no pain, firm & natural as life. Files, plugs, and extracts Teeth in the easiest & neatest manner. Cleans Teeth without the usual disagreeable necessity of the file or instrument, or the least injury to the enamel and gives them a most beautiful Ivory whiteness. By the use of his Specific Lotion for the teeth which is prepared and sold at his Office only, at 50 Cents per Bottle. It is warranted harmless & a sure cure for the Scurvy.

September 10th 1808

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NEW-YORK,

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

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